

Light: An Autobiography

By J.P.C.

I began as a spark
And spent my childhood as a bonfire.
Yes, I was quite the luminary
Back when work and play were done outside.

Eventually people moved inside.
And besides they wanted me to be portable,
So I spent my teenage years as a torch.
But, like most teenagers, I was awkward and sometimes difficult to handle.
Sure, I was bright; but they claimed I was dangerous.

Over the years, I grew to be much more refined.
As a lantern, I was partly responsible for some of the most important books ever written.
(Needless to say, you never could have read them without me.)
I was even present at the birth of this country.
(One, if by land; two, if by sea.)

These days, I'm everywhere. And I have all kinds of names.
I'm incandescent. I'm halogen. Sometimes I'm refracted.

Mostly, though, I'm indispensable.

